Year Of The Rooster

Riverboat Gamblers

Nail a coffin, keep it shut.
Try and dig a deeper rut
planning on a pay cut.
Xmas time.
Looking for a big break.
Limbless get a fair shake.
Sleeping through the earthquake in your mind.
Ok I messed up, never did what I said I would do
go away...this hiccup is gonna last till the party is through.
Leave me swinging in the breeze, with lice and fleas.
I admit I forget I don't know the words.
Cut down in our prime, left for dead before our time,
thanks for looking out for me, just save your philosophy, oh yeah...I'm betting on a point shave,
getting told to behave.
Try and be a good slave,
collard tight.
Guessing it's a no go.
Waiting for the say so.
Getting told to law-low....
ditch, headlights.
Ok...try not to un-impress all the monks who can bless.
Go away...I fucked up, but I don't got a thing to confess.Old friends come to see...
Congratulate our poverty, they all know the words!
What say I disappear,
call it a day, call it a year.
What will all the neighbours say?
The press will have a field day.I said baby, she a tear cause we sensing the catastrophe.
Blame me when the psychic ruins the plot.
Baby will you talk to me?
Or will you cut out right before you're seen?
Caught up in your silly scheme, crying in a happy dream...
where we both get what we want.
Where we both get what we want.
Where we both get what we want.
More blood...

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